

POSSESSION.

BY WM. H. BURKHILL.

The sweetest word that ever was heard—
From the sweetest lips the sweetest word
Has returned my heart to the world
With a bliss as pure as the angel's know;
And my soul, so long, so sadly down,
Assumes the sweet and the crown
And rises up with a new will.
Oh, sweetest word! my life is thine
With a larger life and more divine—
For it makes me bold and makes me mine,
And lets me see the world as it is,
The beauty and glory of Paradise!
The earth so fair seems fairer far,
And a holier light has dawned on me;
The blue of the sky is more divine,
And a deeper peace is in the air.
The words that break on the morning shore
Hath a murmur of love never heard before,
And the brooks laugh out with a merrier glee
As they flash through the valleys away to the sea—
For nature feels to the inner core
Of her great heart beat the joy that thrills
Through the life that love with its new life fills,
Since she, the love of the golden trees,
Wearing the crown of her love's leaves,
My beautiful love, my "good queen,"
Hath spoken the word that makes me more;
That makes her dearer than ever before,
That makes her mine to love and adore
Forever and ever and evermore!

What a glow of light on the grasses lay,
What fragrance breathed from the new-mown hay,
As over the fields I passed at morn;
The birds were as merry as birds could be,
As they sang and flew from tree to tree;
I am sure their songs were meant for me,
For they must have seen, with a glad surprise,
The soft low-light that beamed from mine eyes,
And the new-born bliss within my soul;
For its depths were stirred by a single word
From faltering lips half crossed, half heard,
A word that made me feel as if I were
A child again, with a new life in me,
With its sudden light half seen, half hid—
(I think I'll never be dark again)
As a hand dropped, trembling, into mine,
And a sweet, low voice murmured—"Thine!"

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

I had taken my chambers in Washington Square, and was inclined to like them. They were on the second floor, and consisted of three rooms. The door on the landing opened on to a narrow passage, at the end of which, on the right, was the door of the sitting-room, the three windows of which looked on to a green expanse, where stood a tall, gaunt tree. In one corner of the sitting-room was a door leading into the bedroom, which communicated with a dressing-room. This dressing-room had a door leading into the end of the passage, to the left of the main entrance from the landing. Thus I could make the complete circuit of my premises: from the sitting-room, through the bed and dressing rooms into the passage, and through the passage into the sitting-room again. I am anxious to be understood on this point as a realization of the topography of the place is necessary for the comprehension of the incidents I have to relate.

I will premise by assuring my readers that at the time of which I am speaking I was in thorough physical health. As is the case with most sucking students, I rather prided myself on cultivating a habit of mind that should not permit me to be unduly impressed by causes unwarranted by calm reflection. I had been accustomed to a sedentary, to some extent a solitary life, and in moving to Washington Square had determined to apply myself unremittingly to my legal studies.

My new chambers had been unoccupied for some months, and, after making sure that they had been well cleaned and scrubbed, I sent in my furniture and took possession. It was on a chill, dark October evening that, after dining at my accustomed eating-house, I wended my way to my new quarters. I shall never forget that evening; there was a heavy, clammy feeling in the air of the streets; and as I turned into the dreary square the air seemed heavier and clammy. On arriving at my chambers, I found the deaf, spirit-sadden old creature who had attached herself to me as laundress and tea-woman in the act of setting out the tea things. The lamp was lighted, and a bright fire burned in the grate. On my coming in the old woman mumbled a few words, the meaning of which I did not catch; however, well pleased with the air of comfort she had imparted to the place, I wished her a cheery good-night as she went out.

Having closed and locked the outer door, I returned down the passage into the sitting-room. I can perfectly call to mind its appearance on that night. The polished furniture was gleaming and glistening in the light, the windows were veiled by thick curtains, and the door leading into the bedroom stood ajar. I congratulated myself on my possession, and, having poured myself out a cup of tea and lighted my pipe, I settled myself with a volume of *Hall's* in an arm-chair by the fire. I had been reading for some time; my attention had somewhat wandered to a vague, sleepy consideration of matters not strictly relevant to constitutional history, when I became aware of a strange, all pervading sensation of cold. At the same moment the sensation of cold again came over me with ten times greater intensity than before. The gas-light in the square shone feebly into the room, and I was able to find my way through them to the passage, and back into the sitting-room. My sensations appeared to me somewhat unaccountable; but attributing them to some draft, of which I could ascertain the cause in the morning, I closed the doors and resumed my place by the fire. After a little while I fell again into my interrupted train of dreamy thought, and gradually fell asleep. Now, before proceeding further, I may state that I had never been a victim to nervous fancies. Nothing had ever occurred to me bearing in the remotest way on the events I am about to relate—events so utterly inexplicable by natural causes, and yet so fantastically real, that even after a lapse of many years I call them to mind with a shudder of horror.

I remember, as though it were yesterday,

the appearance of the room as I moved into it in my arm-chair before going to sleep. The sound of an organ, which was playing in some neighboring street, came to me faintly, at times seeming to be almost close to me—at times, again, seeming to proceed from some great distance. The fire had burned low, occasionally crackling and ticking; the lamp, as I have mentioned, was burning dimly, and a large portion of the room was in deep shadow. I do not know how long I had slept, when I became conscious of my own being. I can not say that I awakened; for though all my mental faculties were struggling painfully into life, my vital action seemed suspended, and I was unable to move hand or foot. A cold perspiration burst from all my pores and I made tremendous but vain efforts to shake off the incubus that was upon me. My feeling was not one of impotence; it was as though I had been frozen into a solid block of ice. I endeavored to call out; I had no power over my voice, and could not utter a sound. But as I gasped and panted, there stole into my nostrils a deadly, terrible, overpowering sickness to me, who had frequented hospitals. It was the dread odor of decomposing mortality that was suffocating me as I sat. I felt that I must break the spell, or die. With one terrific exertion that strained every nerve and muscle, I burst from the chair and fell covering on my knees before the fire. The lamp had gone out; a faint gleam from the fire afforded the only light in the room. I relighted the lamp, and, having swallowed a glass of brandy, endeavored to collect my thoughts. My first idea was, that a dead body must be somewhere concealed in the room. The hideous odor still clung to my nostrils, and the absurdity of such a supposition did not strike me. I searched the room, but of course found nothing; though, to my astonishment, the bedroom door, which I had carefully closed, was wide open. As I advanced toward it with the intention of shutting it again, my lamp was extinguished in the same unaccountable manner as before; I looked it, however, securely, and again struck a light.

By this time I had sufficiently recovered to endeavor to reconcile my sensations to natural causes, or, at any rate, to a formidable attack of nightmare. I lighted my pipe, in the hope of neutralizing the terrible stench that still pervaded the room. Leaning on the mantelpiece, I actually smiled, at beholding my own pale, scared-looking face in the mirror. As I looked, suddenly every pulse in my body stood still. I beheld the reflection of the bedroom-door, which gradually, noiselessly opened of itself. I tried to command myself, and turned toward the door. The same intense thrill of cold, but not a soul was there. I considered for an instant, and cross-examined myself as to my own condition. It was evident that my nerves were completely unstrung, and I decided, as I saw reflected in the looking glass my own ghastly-looking face, that I was not in a condition to investigate the matter any further for that night. A dread was upon me that I could not shake off; so hastily putting on my great-coat and hat I hurried out of the room, through the passage, found myself on the landing with a sigh of relief, and looking to the outer door, walked to the rooms of a friend who lived in the neighborhood.

S—, who was reading for the civil service, was glad to see me, and offered me a shake-down for the night. I informed him at once of the cause of my ignominious flight from my own rooms. My experiences had been too unmistakably real for me to deem it ridiculous in the relation of them. So, confessing unreservedly that I had been almost frightened out of my wits, I sat patiently enough as he endeavored to prove satisfactorily that my sensations were entirely due to nerves or indigestion. Before retiring to rest, however, we agreed to spend the following night together in my chambers. In the morning we each went to our respective duties, with an arrangement to meet at dinner in the evening. I did not call at my rooms during the day; and what was I attending to lectures and reading tough law, had not only overcome any idea of supernatural agency in the events of the preceding night, but, as the evening drew near, entirely ceased to think of the matter.

It was about 8 o'clock as we entered the rooms together. The old laundress had evidently been at work, as on the preceding evening. The fire was burning brightly, the lamp was lighted, and the tea-things were set out on the table. We walked through the rooms, and found every thing in perfect order. S—, laughingly envied me my comfortable quarters, showing by his manner that he was more than ever convinced I had been the victim of an exceedingly bad attack of nightmare. After a little while we agreed to play at chess, and arranged a small side-table in front of the fire. I sat in the arm-chair, with my back to the bedroom-door, as on the previous night; S—, who was seated opposite to me, consequently facing the door, which I had closed, locked, and bolted, on completing our tour of inspection; S—, who was in high spirits, joking at me while I remembered, however, the uncomfortable tendency it had to open on its own account, and determined that it should be as securely fastened as a good lock and bolt would admit of. We were both fair chess-players, about equally matched.

Two hours, perhaps, had elapsed, when the interest of the game culminated, and we were considering it with an intensity known only to chess players. The move was with me. Knowing it to be a critical one, I was considering it at length, in all its aspects; my decision was just formed, and I was on the point of moving a piece, when gradually, surely, I became aware of the same extraordinary sensation of cold as on the night before, just as if the surrounding atmosphere were becoming iced into solidity. I felt that the bedroom door behind me was opening. I looked up with the intention of calling S—'s attention to the phenomenon, but my movement was unnecessary; he was equally conscious of it with myself. He had risen from his chair, and I can never forget the expression of his face, which was livid and distorted. His eyes were wide open, and turned full on the door that was just behind my chair. All his features were convulsed, and his appearance, as he bent forward, as if in an intensity of horrified expectation, was perfectly terrible.

A man in a certain town in Maine recently went to his barn one evening to harness his horses, and, not having any lantern, he set fire to a pile of straw on the floor, and began to harness his horses by the light of it. He has now a heap of ashes but no barn.

I actually saw his hair lift from his head, and great beads of perspiration burst from his forehead. He took not the slightest notice of my movement, but slowly raised one hand, as if pointing to something in the room behind me; then suddenly, and without giving me a moment's warning, with one loud yell of agonized terror, he dashed to the door leading into the passage, through the passage, and out of the main door, which slammed heavily behind him. I hurried after him into the passage. Then I remembered that the outer door was closed with a spring lock, and that the key was in the pocket of my great-coat, which was hung up in the bedroom. We had inadvertently left the door open on coming in, and thus S— had been enabled to escape.

It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings at finding myself alone in the passage. How long it was before I mustered up sufficient presence of mind for reflection I cannot tell; but at least I realized to myself the fact that to leave my chambers it was necessary to get the key. With a desperate courage I returned to the sitting-room. The lamp was extinguished; the fire was burning with a sickly glare. With closed eyes I advanced into the bedroom. I quickly felt my way to the peg on which my coat was hanging, when something happened that caused my very heart to stand still and my blood to freeze. I heard a movement in the passage—a strange, heavy, shuffling sound, as of a body dragging itself along the floor. An impulse seized me, unaccountable as all the other events of that memorable night. I felt impelled to follow the thing that was painfully, slowly dragging itself down the passage. I stepped through the dressing-room; and as I moved I heard it move on before me, keeping at the same relative distance from me. I quickened my pace, I ran—but I could not overtake that which I still heard dragging itself along.

After three or four headlong rushes from room to room, I stopped in the middle of the sitting-room to recover breath. As I stood, a revulsion of feeling came over me. My eagerness to confront and discover the cause of the sounds I still could hear, gave way to horror. I felt my life and reason to depend on my escape. As I moved to the bedroom-door it closed in my face. I frantically endeavored to force the lock. The thing was dragging itself along the passage into the room in which I was. Again the nauseating stench of the night before rose into my nostrils; I rushed to the window with the intention of throwing it open and jumping into the space beneath; but it was too late. I turned my eye downward. It was close to me, and I beheld it. A man writhing on the floor, his features blue, bloated and decomposed, his eyeballs turned up, yet bearing full up on me, dead and glassy, an impure phosphorescent light emanating from the body itself. As I gazed, one discolored hand was raised to the throat, in which I perceived a hideous gash. It drew itself gradually closer to me—I became insensible.

When I discovered in the morning, my friends, who were telegraphed for, removed me to the country, where, among cheerful scenes and people, I soon recovered. S— died of brain fever within three days of the night on which he sat and watched with me. I have never cared to make any inquiries as to the previous inmates of the chambers. It is true I have heard that an inmate of one set cut his throat under peculiarly horrible circumstances; but I was never curious to identify the scene of the suicide's death with the chambers he occupied for so short a time; indeed, nothing would induce me ever again to enter the apartments.

How to Sleep Well.

If "blessed is the man who invented sleep," then blessed is the man who helps the wakeful to find it, especially if his way is simple. This is a very simple way to throw the watch off his guard. I have tried it also with success. The heavy sleeper will call it a whim, but I have found wakefulness full of such whims. Memory teaches sensitivities at least to lie with their heads to the north. This is simply whimsical to those who do not understand or believe in Reichenbach's philosophy; but I am persuaded by experience, without any hypothesis, that it is the way for me. It agrees, as I conceive, with the grain of the nerves, or the *nap* of the sensibilities. Indeed, I would have every bed-room arranged with reference to this belief, believing it would tell on the temper of the family; but if you have a wakeful habit your enemy will find you out in any bed of routine, and for a wakeful habit you will sometimes find a magical effect in change—even whimsical change. Change your room, or move your bed, or turn head to foot. If you are lying on a high pillow fling it away, and let your head down flat. If lying with your head low, raise it. If you have been trying to sleep without a light, strike one; if otherwise, put it out. Finally, quit the bed and take to a chair. The bed may treat you better after a little quarrel. Wakefulness may be easily traced to physical causes in many instances, but often it is of the nature of a spell; and when we say a "wakeful spell," the phrase is capable of a double sense. For one thing, I have convinced myself that sleep does not depend on quiet. I am not always trying to find a still place. I am sure the wakeful can get above petty disturbances. For another thing, I do not worry as I used to in view of not sleeping, or because I have not had my seven or eight hours like other folks. I find that half that time refreshes me if I am thankful for it. It is the discontent that comes with sleeplessness that makes us sick more than the loss of sleep. Then I find this "don't care" feeling a great provocation of sleep. You save your life by losing it in such a case. Sleep is wonderfully susceptible to coquetry. Tell it you can get along very well without it, and it isn't half so willing to part company with you as it seemed.

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A STORY OF THE SEA.

Six Months on a Desert Island—Terrible Sufferings and a Happy Rescue.

We have already briefly, says the *Chicago Times*, to the loss of the *Strathmore*, an English ship, in the Southern ocean, and the subsequent humane and unselfish rescue of the survivors from a barren rock by an American whaler, whose captain disinterestedly abandoned the prospect of a profitable catch in order to succor human beings in grave distress. There is no ocean cable far off New Zealand, in the neighborhood of which are the Crozet islands, upon which the *Strathmore* went down, and news from that quarter travels slowly. Though the wreck occurred in July of last year, and the rescue in January of this, the details reach us only now, and come via England.

The story as told by the survivors is as interesting as De Foë's celebrated narrative known to every school boy for generations as *Robinson Crusoe*. It fully bears out the first information received in which the conduct of the American seamen was presented in so excellent a light as to call forth the warmest encomiums of the English journals. The Crozet islands lie in the latitude of the southern extremity of New Zealand, and due south from Madagascar. They were discovered in 1772 by the French navigator, Marion du Fresne, and named after his mate. The group was afterward visited by the great English navigator, Capt. Cook, who named one of them Prince Edward's island, after the duke of Kent, father of the queen. Upon this island Cook left horses, pigs, and rabbits. The latter animals have so increased and multiplied that it would have been fortunate for the shipwrecked mariners if they had been cast upon this instead of the island upon which they were thrown.

The Crozet group are of volcanic origin, and, though they contain an abundant supply of fresh water, and are reached by accessible harbors, yet vegetation is so scant, and the rocks so barren, that they have never invited settlement. It was in a heavy fog on the night of the 1st of July, 1875, that the *Strathmore* was thrown upon the rocks of the Crozets. The captain and the first mate were swept overboard and lost. There was great confusion, especially as the second mate seems to have been ill-suited for the chief command, and the crew were but an indifferent lot. However, two boats were launched at day-break, and succeeded in making a landing, though the prospect from the ship was one of perpendicular and unbroken rock. The boats carried off a few of the crew and passengers, leaving the remainder to abide the result. The gigs returned before nightfall and brought off five of the passengers, the others being compelled to pass the cold night in the rigging in great agony and terror. When the ship left Gravesend she had a crew of thirty-eight hands, and carried fifty passengers. Thirty-nine persons perished when she struck upon the rocks, and four persons died of subsequent exposure. The number of the saved was forty-four.

The island upon which they found a refuge from the waves was only about two and a half miles long and half a mile wide at its broadest part. Winter had set in and they suffered intensely from the cold, and were greatly inconvenienced in the measures they took for shelter by the ice and snow. At first they slept upon the bare rocks, but afterward they were enabled to build huts of stone and turf. On the third night of their arrival they lost their small boats and were thereby prevented from reaching the wreck, but, before this unfortunate loss, they had secured two barrels of gunpowder, several casks of liquor, one of provisions, and several tin cases of sweets. The liquor was doled out sparingly and lasted about four weeks. The tins in which the sweets were packed were used as pots and lamps, and as oil sufficient for the supply of the latter was obtained from wild birds and a few matches had been saved from the wreck, the castaways were never without a light. There was no dearth of birds, upon which they subsisted almost entirely. Their "tameness was shocking to see." First there was a supply of albatross. They migrated, and were succeeded by a gray bird, which, in time, was succeeded by mally hawks; and finally came the inoffensive penguins, whose eggs were found a great luxury, and whose skins supplied clothing and shoes. Fresh water was, as we have said, abundant, and for vegetable food the tops of a tuber resembling the carrot served.

Six dreary months passed by without bringing them relief from their island bondage. Sometimes they saw ships in the distance, but though they used every effort to attract the attention their signals were unseen or unheeded. Once, as a ship bore by within two miles of the island, they were filled with hopes of deliverance which were rudely shattered, as she kept on her way regardless of their signals. Finally, on the 21st of January, the American ship *Young Phoenix*, cruising in the Antarctic waters for whales, discovered these castaways, and at the expense of a season's catch, carried them to a port of safety and abundance.

During their long confinement on the rocky island, though it afforded them safety from the deep, inhospitable shore, the crew and passengers of the *Strathmore* quarreled, as idle people will, but there were no very serious altercations, for the grog gone, there was nothing much to fight about. The birds were abundant, and every man who had strength to move was equal to the task of gaining a livelihood. They were found considerably emaciated, and suffering greatly from the use of bird skins for clothing.

The Business Outlook.

The *New York Bulletin* seeks evidences of rather "more activity in commercial circles and a brisker trade movement. The advices from the South and West show that the roads that have all through the unusually mild winter been in bad condition are drying up; that there is a large increase of receipts in the various railroad depots, and that from this time forth there will be a greater activity in all departments of commerce. Money is more active in St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other inland cities; and then the railroad war, which is perhaps a bad thing for investors in that class of securities, is an excellent thing for the

movement of staples. There are calls for provisions, cotton and petroleum left over from last fall, and the exports promise to be unusually large from this time forth."

The Wall of New York.

The *New York World* of a recent date has a most touching wall over the loss of the grain trade with the West, and that Philadelphia and Baltimore have stolen her corn, while her wheat is now rapidly slipping out of her fingers. In a plaintive way it produces some export and receipt statistics, as a warning to the New York dealers, some of which are quite significant. During the last eighty years, Baltimore has increased her exports of corn from 769,664 bushels to 5,558,404 bushels—a seven-fold increase, while in the same time New York has not increased her corn exports to the extent of fifty per cent., the figures being 11,015,828 bushels in 1867, and 15,107,264 bushels in 1875. During the same period, Baltimore has increased her wheat exports from 10,769 bushels to 3,975,266 bushels. In 1868, New York exported 7,208,370 bushels, and in 1875 exported 24,722,963 bushels, thus showing that, although she cuts a better figure in wheat than in corn, the former is also slipping away from her gradually. The following tables of receipts for the period of fourteen weeks ending April 8, 1875, tell the mournful tale which had brought this doleful wall from the World:

	Bushels.
Receipts of corn at Philadelphia.....	3,861,100
Receipts of corn at Baltimore.....	7,523,800
Receipts of corn at Boston.....	1,541,679
Total.....	13,130,679
Receipts of corn at New York.....	158,200
Aggregate receipts of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston over New York.....	9,608,399

The returns for the single week ending April 8, 1875, are as follows:

	Bushels.
Receipts of corn at Philadelphia.....	158,200
Receipts of corn at Baltimore.....	92,669
Receipts of corn at Boston.....	95,420
Total.....	476,229
Receipts at New York.....	35,512

Aggregate of the three other ports over New York..... 440,717
The last returns are specially significant. In the week ending April 8, Boston received almost twice as much corn as New York, Philadelphia over three times as much, and Baltimore almost four times as much, while the three ports combined received 418,708 bushels more than New York.
It is New York's pet railroad which is the principal cause that the commercial sceptre is slipping out of the grasp of her merchants. When Vanderbilt held Chicago and tried his cut-throat game, and other roads naturally took corn and wheat to Philadelphia and Baltimore, the New Yorkers forgot that Chicago had their stock of winter feed, and that they must get their corn, wheat, flour, and other grain from here. They forgot that if they seek to prevent the collection of grain here they prevent the shipment to New York, and that if they don't come here for grain the grain will not go to them, but will take other routes to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. If they want, therefore, to recover their old trade in grain which Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston have taken away from them, they must see to it that Vanderbilt's roads carry grain as cheaply from Chicago as competing roads, and that his lines cease pooling and cut-throating. Just so long as they keep up this system of discrimination, they are not injuring us, but, to use a homely phrase, are biting off their own noses.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A Woman's Management.

"Jonathan," said the wife of a prosperous farmer, who resides a few miles from Burlington, "are you going to town to-day?" John said "he had been thinking of it, seeing as butter was bringing a good price." "Well, then," continued his better half, "you may just take these rubber coats to the tin-shop and have some eaves-troughs put on around the bottoms of them. You know that on rainy days you and the boys are of no earthly use, so you might just as well be out catching rainwater and helping me along with the washing as lying around the house for me and the girls to stumble over." John cast a dejected glance toward his wife to see whether she really meant business or not, and having satisfied himself on that score, meekly took the coats and drove off. John always did say that he owed his worldly success to the management of his wife, and we know of no reason why his word should be doubted.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Coffee for Two.

A letter from Oshkosh, Wis., says: A distressing affair took place in the family of a farmer in the town of Utica, this county, on yesterday morning. While at the breakfast table a brother began to plague his sister about a young granger of the neighborhood, with whom she had been going. He spoke of him in not very complimentary terms, and so aroused the ire of his sister that she dumped a cup of coffee down his shirt-collar. He, in return, secured the coffee-pot, with a large amount of boiling hot coffee in it, and doused it over her head. The result was the loss of her hair, a badly scalded face and neck, and the probable loss of one eye. The girl has suffered great agony, and as erysipelas has set in she may lose her life in consequence.

Three to a Dollar.

"Got any silver change about you?" said Quilp, juggling the contents of his pocket for the delectation of a broker, the other day. "Oh, lots of it," was the pert reply. "How do you like the pert reply. 'How do you like the pert reply, three of which make a dollar'?" queried the broker. "Haven't seen any of that kind. Show us a few." Quilp then produced a half dollar and two quarters, and without further parley the unwary broker led the way to the nearest sample room.—*Boston Post*.

Fenianism Revived.

A number of Irish-Americans are raising by contributions from patriotic Irishmen in all sections of the country what is termed a "skirmishing fund," to be used in recruiting a few regiments of soldiers to go to England and skirmish for Irish independence. The movement is headed by O'Donovan Rossa, of this city; James J. Clancy, of Brooklyn; Patrick Ford, and others. About \$3,000 has been raised.—*New York Sun*.

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

Like a bell of blossoms ringing,
Clear and shrill, shrill and sweet,
Floating in the porch's shadow,
With the fainter fall of feet,
Comes the answer softly backward,
Bidding tender water wait,
While the baby Queen outruns her,
"Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight, warm and scented,
Love to beauty breathes his sigh,
Languishing, to leave reluctant,
Loth to speak the low good-by.
Then the same low echo answers,
Waiting love of other date,
And the maiden whispers backward,
"Only going to the gate."

Oh, these gates along our pathway,
What they bar, outside and in!
With the vague outlook beyond them,
Over ways we have not been.
How they stand before, behind us;
Foll-gates some, with price to pay;
Spring gates some, that shut forever;
Cloud gates some, that melt away.

Just across their slender swavings
Truth-bligh happy hands have crossed
Yet its locks have rusted rusty,
Or its keys in night shade lost.
Over lovers, cut off falling,
Good-by prayers have dropped like dew
Little gateways, softly shutting,
Yet have cut a love in two.

So we pass them going upward
On our journey, one by one,
To the distant shining white,
Where each traveler goes alone;
Where the friends who journey with us
Strangely tatter stop and wait;
Father, mother, child, or lover,
"Only going to the gate."

Wit and Humor.

A "SOLID MAN" the Cardiff Giant.
A FASTIDIOUS man prefers to take his butter bald.

THE best place to buy a mother-in-law—at Marseilles.
THERE is nothing very original in a market report. It is full of quotations.

PATRIOTS should do all in their power to encourage a railroad war this season that may go to the Centennial and back for two dollars and a half.—*St. Louis Republican*.

"DO THEY ever bark?" asked old Mrs. Dorkins, gazing at a pair of stuffed sea dogs in the museum. "No, mum," said Elnathan, "not now. Their bark is on the sea."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "The mowl is a larger bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with and two legs to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its head."

MARY—"I say, Mrs. McCarthy, this 'ere's a very bad cabbage." Mrs. M.—"Sure now, and is it, honey? Then pick another. Bless ye, young cabbage is like 'sweethearts—you must try half a dozen 'fore ye gets a good wan."

MCCRISPIN—"Quite right to get a pair of shoes, Molly; your fust 'ill look illegant in leather." Molly—"But sure I can't pay for them till Christmas." McC.—(after a thoughtful pause)—"Troth, and it is a pity to hide such a purty fut, aushla."

"THE first day Artemus Ward entered Toledo, travel worn and seedy, he said to an editor who was on the street, 'Mister, where could I get a square meal for twenty-five cents?' He was told, 'I say, Mister,' said he, 'where could I get the twenty-five cents?'"

THE Salt Lake Herald says: A young boy who had been fishing in Jordan all day was slowly wending his way through the city last evening when he was heard to complain: "If I were a horse now, I'd be rubbed down and well fed; but I'm a boy, and I've got to go home, milk the cows, bring in wood, tote water and rock the baby for an hour and a half."

SPRING IS COME.
Now, doth the little onion
Poke up its little head,
And the restless little radish
Stretch in his little bed.

He believed in practical religion, and so in the course of his sermon took occasion to remark: "Now I want to say a word to de sisters. When yo' has a washin' to do somehwah, an' yo' gita done, jes' yo' clean up an' go right home. Don't stan' round lookin' wha' yo' can find a little coffee, or a little sugar, or a little somethin' else to put in yo' pockets. Go right home when yo's done got frew dat washin'."

"A BOOK agent who has retired from active labor," says the *Easton Free Press*, "upon the hard-earned accumulation of a life of industrious cheer, says that the great secret of his success was when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself he always opened saying, 'I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see.' That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers."

YESTERDAY morning a stranger from the West registered at one of the hotels as "Tom Thumb," and it was p-rhaps only natural for the clerk to inquire: "You can't be the little Tom Thumb?" "How in thunder can the big Tom Thumb be the little Tom Thumb?" shouted the stranger. "But the names are the same," protested the clerk. "Suppose they are? Are you foolish enough to imagine that a mighty country like this can produce but one Tom Thumb, and he only a mouthful for a poodle dog? You'd better go to school, sir!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Editor or Editress.

It would make Horace Greeley turn over in his grave if he could hear the Iowa papers calling Miss Claggett of the *Keokuk Constitution* an editress. We presume these same papers look upon her as a brilliant, young journalistess, and understand that she will be her own business manageress, and will hope that she will succeed equally well as an editress and publisheress, and a moultress of public opinion, and predict that she will be a leaderess in local literary circles, a scholaress and ability as a writeress entitle her to take.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

Grasshoppers.

The *New Ulm (Minn.) Herald* learns that "in localities where a few days since the ground was full of grasshopper eggs, neither eggs nor hoppers can now be found. Old settlers in the grasshopper district tell us that they unaccountably disappeared in the same manner when here a few years since, and were never afterward heard of."